

TELESCOPE

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Judges have not yet been able to come to any clear cut agreement on the purpose behind the penalties they mete out. Some stick to the age old concept of retribution, which has been criticized by social scientists. Others offer different reasons, even contradictory ones. See ON SENTENCING — page 4.

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END OF AN ERA

In the month of June, 1929, a young man joined the staff of Kingston Penitentiary, reporting for his first day at work. Now, thirty-three years later and no longer young, he has finally gone into retirement. And there is little doubt that the retirement of H. B. Patterson will leave a void in the school and library department, a void which will be difficult to fill.

He will be taking with him years of experience in the arena of prison diplomacy where it is a rare soul indeed who can steer an honorable course between the charybdis of administrative officialdom and the scylla of the prison population generally. This, 'Harry' Patterson has consistently managed to do and, although administrations have risen and declined, he has persisted.

Education Director is not an easy post to fill in a federal institution, as many an enthusiastic candidate for the job has learned to his sorrow and disillusionment. The pitfalls are many and the rewards unimposing. The frustrations are many and the triumphs rare.

A prison is not likely to be filled with bright and eager students. It is not likely to be filled with students of any kind, for that matter. But those who do attend school in prison will range in age from the teens to well over the fifties. The students will be men, not children and because of this a special approach will be required if the teacher is to get the best from them. A prison teacher who attempts to teach convicted criminals as though they were children is going to find himself with no students to teach.

H. B. Patterson always knew this. His approach to his classes was always that of a man to other men. His interest in his pupils was never assumed but perfectly genuine. His hopes for their success were ever optimistic, often when there was little cause to be optimistic.

The percentage of failures in a prison school has always been large. But there have always been a scattering of successes, sometimes conspicuous ones. And they are likely to be all the teacher will get by way of reward. 'Harry' Patterson has witnessed a few such successes over the years. He has seen men come into K. P. with less than public school education who, through dint of will and application seasoned with a generous amount of encouragement, have ploughed their way through the high school curriculum and tackled university-level work with surprising results.

When asked what his plans were after his retirement, H. B. pointed out that geology had been his private interest for many years and that he planned a little prospecting in the years to come.

"Not that I won't drop in here occasionally for old time's sake," he added. "After all, you don't just throw off the associations of 33 years the day after you leave. You're bound to wonder how things are going now that you are no longer around."

THE MERCHANT OF VENGEANCE

It is sometimes pointed out that, in order to have effective rehabilitation, it is necessary for the public to realize that it, too, must share the responsibility in creating and maintaining a workable program of reclamation.

This is true enough. But there is a factor inherent in the concept of reclaiming the criminal offender for society which has been overlooked or conveniently ignored. Rehabilitation cannot be a positive force for good unless the concept of retribution for its own sake is thrown into discard. Revenge and rehabilitation will mix no better than oil and water. What one accomplishes the other cancels out.

If a man sentenced to a term of imprisonment is released before the expiration of his sentence on the premise that he is fully rehabilitated in the judgement of those competent to decide, then we must assume that something positive has taken place. We must assume that the man released is better prepared to meet the requirements of society than he was when he committed his offence. And we must assume, until such time as events prove otherwise, that he is no longer a social detriment.

Very well. He has become a 'whole' personality. He has, through a process of planned rehabilitation, risen from a lower to a higher level on the curve of social conduct. But does the law take cognizance of this transformation in the light of some previous offence for which he had never been arraigned but which subsequently comes to light some time after his release and successful reorientation? Apparently not. However well-adjusted, however complete the reformation of the individual, it is felt that justice would not be served if some previous offence, suddenly come to light, were written off the books in view of the declared reformation of the offender.

Retribution must have its day. As a result the rehabilitated offender is hauled back to court, tried on the old offence, and, if convicted, sent back to prison. Already rehabilitated in the judgement of those concerned, he must nevertheless serve another time-consuming sentence.

Such a case has already taken place: A man, sent from a maximum security prison to an honor farm, was eventually paroled on the premise that he was ready to meet the demands of social existence. Once out in the free world he was recognized as one who had committed an offence several years ago which had never come to light. He is now under arrest and waiting to be tried and sent back to prison. It might be argued that if he were truly rehabilitated he would have owned up to the secret offence. It also might be argued that such a confession, under the existing system, would have done more harm than good. He had a chance to make good, to put the past behind him. In what way would it benefit society for the man to confess to an old offence, committed before the advent of the 'new man'?

There is a lamentable lack of logic in a system which rehabilitates with one hand and reincarcerates with the other. The law cannot take its pound of flesh without spilling a lot of blood in the process.

ON SENTENCING

In the past year many people — lawyers, magistrates, judges, psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, writers — have discussed the subject of sentencing. All have agreed there should be a basic sentencing principle, but few have agreed as to what that basic principle should be — justice, deterrence, reform, or a combination of all three. Ultimately, the reason they do not agree on this subject is that they do not agree about the nature of human beings.

It is not my purpose here to attempt to resolve the problem, but to attempt to explain why it is so difficult to find a basic sentencing principle.

Some of those who contend that justice should be the basic sentencing principle, and that disparity of sentence for similar offences is the major source of injustice, have advocated that a uniform sentencing policy — similar sentences for similar offences where other factors are equal — would eliminate injustice. Others have objected that such a policy would be equally unjust, since it would measure everyone in terms of an abstraction, *Time*. This would preclude the very possibility of coordinating the modern ideas of what constitutes justice. The modern view is that if there is to be justice in the area of sentencing, each individual must be measured in terms of psychological factors: basic inner drives and interpretations of the external environment. The problem of measuring the individ-

Wally Johnston

ual in such terms comes to focus in *motivation*.

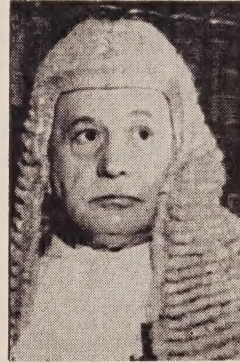
Traditionally the courts accepted in the main the free will doctrine, which held that one's motives were the product of his free will. Hence the degree of his responsibility for his actions could be measured in terms of his motives. Today it is held that one's motives are determined by basic inner drives and conditioning by external environment. These basic inner drives, below the level of the conscious mind, and the conditioned response patterns imprinted by the external environment, combine to influence his interpretation of the external environment and to determine his goals in that environment. Motives, therefore, are no longer considered valid criterions by which to judge the degree of people's responsibility for their actions.

In spite of the fact that a uniform sentencing policy is considered inadequate to administer justice, many people advocate that it should be adopted anyway, on the grounds that such a uniform sentencing policy would at least remove the subject beyond the range of the varied psychological response patterns of judges and magistrates, who also must be governed by motives that are the product of their basic inner drives and subjective interpretations of their respective environments.

For those who would sentence to deter others, the problem of administering justice is really non-existent; for if the spectators are deterred by knowledge that a convicted offender is severely punished for his offence, then they are deterred only by the fear that they might experience the same punishment if they violate the law, in which case the more unjust and harsh the punishment the more the spectators will fear the consequences, and the more certain it is that they will be deterred.

Many authorities, some judges and magistrates among them, contend that it is not the severity of punishment but

the certainty of punishment that would deter. However, many judges and magistrates do sentence in the interests of deterrence and declare that such is their purpose. Hardly a day goes by that we may not read of a magistrate or judge who told an offender: "I must deal severely with you as a warning to others", or "to deter others."



The deterrent philosophy provides for the individual offender to be used totally as a means to a social end, deterrence of others; whereas the justice concept requires that each individual himself be considered as an end. None the less, some people have advocated not only that these diametrically opposed principles be joined, but also that the reform concept be added to them and a basic sentencing principle formulated comprising justice, deterrence and reform.

The "reform people," as the variety of social scientists are called, in line with their view that motives are determined by internal and external environment, contend that the deterrent principle, when put into practice, conflicts with the practice of reform, because in practice the deterrent principle leads to long sentences. In fact, the long sentence administered under any principle conflicts with the practice of reform.

Here, I think, is the essence of the reform people's argument: Motives are acquired, and are the end product of inner drives and environmental condi-

tioning. Socially negative motivation, thought to be a prime factor in the cause of crime, is the end product of misdirected inner drives and faulty environmental conditioning. Therefore the way to reform the offender is to replace his negative social motivation with positive social motivation. How? By redirecting his basic drives and altering his conditioned response patterns, or characteristic way of interpreting the external world. The first prime requisite is to create the climate in which such redirecting and reconditioning could occur.

To apply the concept in the area of sentencing, the reform people ask themselves, What is there in a long prison sentence that could help create any climate in the psyche of the offender other than a climate of resentment? If he is told that he received his long sentence in the interests of justice, he wishes to know why his neighbour in the next cell is serving half as much time for a similar offence. No one can tell him that he was sentenced under a basic sentencing principle of justice, for nobody pretends to knowledge of such a basic principle. And if the offender has been informed by the court that he received his long sentence in the interests of deterrence, quite naturally no one will waste any time attempting to persuade him he received it either in the interests of justice or reform. Nothing in his objective assessment of the facts can persuade the offender that he received his long sentence in the interests of justice or reform. And his subjective assessment leads him only to the conclusion that to deter others he himself has been interred, that his long sentence is specifically meant not to reform him but deform him.

From this climate of inner resentment grows negative motivation, the desire for revenge, not the positive motivation the reform people think requisite for the offender's reform.

From a practical standpoint the long sentence, administered for whatever

purpose, is incompatible with the modern facilities being introduced in the interests of reform. A long sentence is a maximum security sentence; whereas nearly all reform facilities are being housed in new medium or minimum security institutions. Penal administrators of these institutions do not wish to accept, nor do higher authorities wish to saddle them with, the responsibility of guarding security risks. The result is that long-timers, first offenders or not, are not eligible for transfer to these institutions until they have served a good portion of their sentences—four, five, six years, depending upon the length of each sentence.

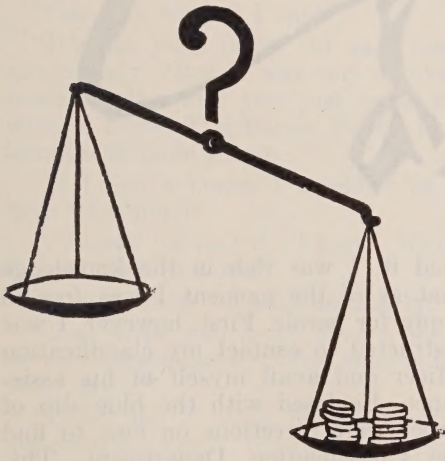
When the long-timer has become eligible for transfer to a medium-security institution, he has a third of his sentence served and chronologically speaking, is eligible for parole; but since he has not been exposed to the facilities of reform, he is not eligible for parole in any practical respect, and the chances are small that he will be granted a parole purely on the basis of his chronological eligibility.

The deterrent philosophy, then, is logically incompatible with the reform philosophy, because the former leads to and sanctions long sentences. And long sentences, administered for any reason, are incompatible with the modern facilities of reform.

It is by no means a proven fact that the reform people have the right answer: that a prime factor in the cause of crime is misdirected inner drives and faulty conditioning from the external environment. Paradoxically, however, if they are right on this point, then it seems unlikely that any basic sentencing principle is possible in the foreseeable future; for it follows from the above formulation that those who have so many different views on the subject of sentencing, being themselves human, are not responsible for their beliefs, or their motives for having such beliefs, or the subject of sentencing. Their faulty beliefs and motives are the product of

their misdirected inner drives and improper conditioning by their respective external environments.

Many psychiatrists have advocated that the sentencing principle should be neither justice nor deterrence but strictly reform, and that for this purpose neither the definite long sentence nor the definite short sentence is adequate, because the person committing an offense considered serious, may not require as much treatment and reconditioning as the person committing a minor offense. In consequence these psychiatrists have advocated indefinite or indeterminate sentences for all offenders. The principle involved would not really be in the sentencing but in the releasing of offenders. Each offender would be released when he was thought to be cured and ready for release.



Introducing such a policy would involve the reorganization of current penal practices. Either long-timers would no longer be considered security risks, or everyone sentenced would be considered a security risk. If long-timers (and everyone would be potentially a long-timer) were not regarded as security risks, there could still be medium and minimum security institutions. But if everyone was thought to be a security risk, there could be nothing

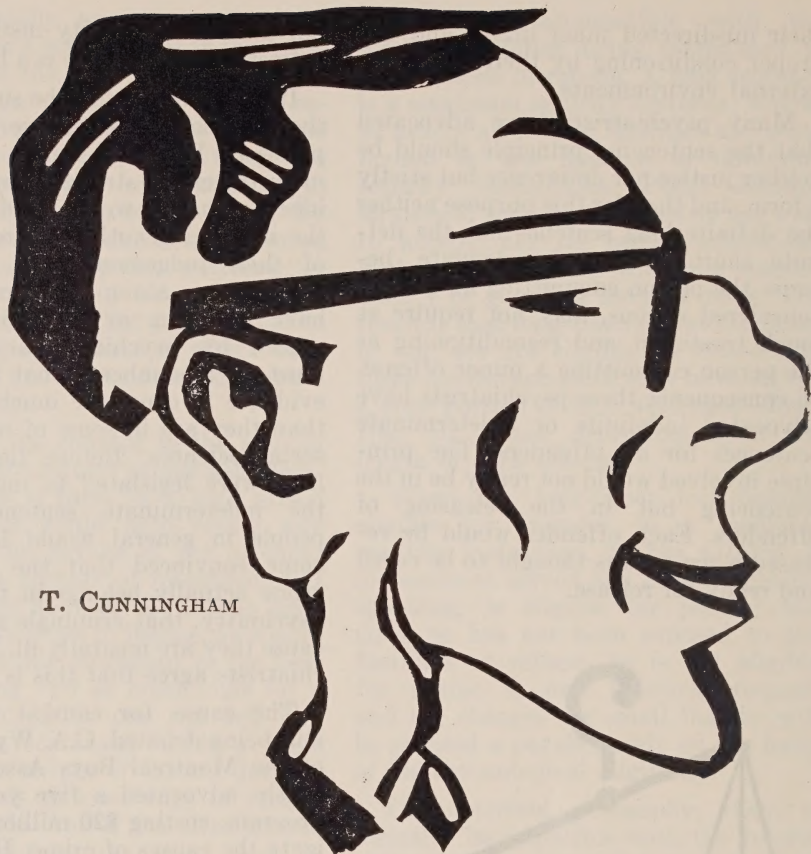
but maximum security institutions. An indeterminate sentence is a life sentence.

It is not likely that the suggestions of these psychiatrists will ever be put into practice. For one thing, judges and magistrates are strongly opposed to the idea, because it would in effect remove the sentencing authority from the area of their judgement, and judges and magistrates, along with many others, have not been at all rationally convinced by psychiatric arguments. It must be remembered that the rules of evidence in court are much more rigid than they are in some of our so-called social sciences. Before the necessary laws were legislated to make possible the indeterminate sentence for all, people in general would have to become convinced that the problem of crime actually belongs in the realm of psychiatry, that criminals are such because they are mentally ill. Not all psychiatrists agree that this is so.

The cause (or causes) of crime is still being debated. C.A. Wylie, director of the Montreal Boys Association, recently advocated a five year research program, costing \$20 million, to investigate the causes of crime. He feels that "Once this information is available it should not be too difficult to work out a cure."

People do not agree about the causes of crime for the same reason they do not agree about what should be a basic sentencing principle: they do not agree about the nature of human beings. If the powers that be ever discover enough about human nature to agree about the cause or causes of crime, they will at the same time discover a basic sentencing principle. By then, however, they will no longer require a sentencing principle. For if they discover the cause or causes of criminality, they will at the same time discover the cause or causes of its opposite, non-criminality. By applying properly this positive knowledge to the prevention of crime, they will eliminate the need for a sentencing principle.

P A R O L E I N T E R V I E W



T. CUNNINGHAM

"Jug up." This came from the bottom of the stairs. Struggling into my heavy coat, I organized the papers I wanted to take to the cell for careful study, put them under my arm and joined the long line of inmates now filing into the cell-block for dinner. The low-throated rumble from somewhere in front of me indicated that the main course might be fish. It was, and when I reached my cell I set the odoriferous carp free, and dropped wearily into my chair. It was then that I noticed the brownish envelope lying conspicuously on my desk-top.

Unaccustomed as I am to receiving mail my hands were reasonably steady as I lunged for the manila envelope. Twenty minutes later, I had opened the envelope and exposed its contents—a dark blue slip of paper. When I had

read it, I was rich in the knowledge that as of the moment I was free to apply for parole. First, however, I was instructed to contact my classification officer and avail myself of his assistance. Enclosed with the blue slip of paper were directions on how to find the Classification Department. This was entirely unnecessary; having been here eighteen months, I had a fair idea where the department was located. My appointment was scheduled for the next afternoon and I paced the cell floor well into the night, rehearsing the things I planned to tell my classification officer.

At two o'clock on the following day, rubbed, scrubbed, shaved and combed, I sat uneasily on a bench in the ante-room of the Classification Department. A fatherly looking gentleman appeared

from somewhere within the catacomb of offices and called my name. (I learned later that the fatherly looking gentleman was an inmate cleaner and that my classification officer had asked him to call me.) I sidled apprehensively into the office the cleaner had pointed out to me and was greeted by a beaming set of dentures around which sat a tall baldish man.

"Hi, Pal," he beamed and put out his hand. "I'm your classification officer."

"Hello," I said.

"Well now, Tom," he said cheerfully, "sit down and we'll talk. You may smoke if you wish."

I relaxed as much as possible in the stiff-backed chair and answered his questions. There were many. When he asked me about my parents, I told him I didn't have any.

"What?" he exclaimed. "You haven't parents?"

"Gee, I'm sorry," I said.

"It's not your fault," he said magnanimously. "But it was sort of overpowering the way you just came out with it there. The Parole Board likes inmates to have a home."

"If I had a home, I wouldn't be in here," I replied.

"I know," he sighed. "I know. Where do you plan to work?"

"I don't know," I said hesitantly.

"You mean you don't have a job?" he said incredulously. "Oh, that is the utter apex."

"Well, no," I said, feeling terribly ashamed of myself. "I've been in prison for over two years now awaiting trial and everything and"

"What you're saying is that you don't have a home and you don't have a job," he interrupted.

"I guess that's about the shape I'm in," I said.

"Oh, that tears it," he said with a peculiar catch in his voice. "This will make it terribly hard for you to get a parole. The Parole Board wants inmates to have a good home-environment and a job."

"But that's like asking for gilded securities as collateral when making a loan," I protested.

"That's peachy," he chuckled, writing my sally down. "I may want to use it sometime."

"Look," I said impatiently. "Is there any point in my filling out a parole application?"

"Of course. Of course," he assured. "No cause is hopeless. Why, there's still my recommendation."

"What recommendation?" I asked.

"Oh, I send in a report on you," he explained. "What you're like, what your attitude is, that sort of thing."

"But how can you?" I said stupidly. "You don't even know me."

"That is the purpose of this interview," he said. "To get to know you."

I didn't hear much after that. The whole enigmatic scene was like something from a Hitchcock movie and I was slightly overwhelmed. When the period of getting to know me came to an end, he handed me three sheets of paper and beamed blindingly.

"Fill these out and take it easy, Pal," he said as I left.

On my way back through the anteroom I met a guy I knew. He was glowering at the door through which I had emerged as though wanting to run his head into it.

"Hi, Man," I said. "What's happening?"

"Hi," he grunted.

I noticed he held a slip of blue paper in his hand.

"Parole?" I asked, indicating the paper.

"Yeah," he said truculently. "I'm being considered in September."

"Hey, Man," I said enthusiastically. "That's groovy."

"Sure, it's heavy," he said. "I go out in June."

When I got back to work, I filled out my application. It didn't involve a lot of work. I put two pieces of carbon between the three sheets and wrote, "I need out."

GENETICS

and the myth of

EQUALITY

If we define the normal for any variable characteristic as that portion of the range that includes 95 percent of the population, and then demand normality in all of 10 different independently varying characteristics, 40 percent of the population will prove to be abnormal. If we include 15 such characteristics in our consideration, 53 percent of the population will be abnormal. If 100 characteristics are measured 99.4 percent of the population must be considered abnormal with respect to one or more of them. And human beings vary in many more ways than a hundred. Paradoxically though it sounds, almost everyone is abnormal.

The preceding statement is that of Professor R. J. Williams, biochemist at the University of Texas and one-time President of the American Chemical Society, as well as author of three books on the subject of human differences and their significance, *The Human Frontier* (1946), *Free and Unequal* (1953) and *Biochemical Individuality* (1956). It is a statement based on the positive findings of the science of Genetics which, although a department of Biology, is the specific study



E. E. Chalmers

of heredity and variation and, loosely, the physiology of reproduction.

A comparatively new field of scientific study, Genetics has been met in the past half-century by a storm of protest in some quarters and by a calculated conspiracy of silence in others. A child of the concept of evolution, it has repeatedly produced findings in direct opposition to the time-honored and psychologically desirable principle of Lamarckism, so named after the eminent French naturalist of the eighteenth century, Jean Baptiste Lamarck who formulated a theory of organic development which has come to be known as the theory of the 'Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics.' In other words Lamarck suggested that parent organisms were able, through some mysterious process of transmission, to pass on to their offspring those admirable characteristics so laboriously acquired by the parent during its lifetime. Such a theory implies, among other things, that a man who builds himself up by calisthenics and weight-lifting will naturally pass on his muscularity to his son. This, the geneticists tell us, is simply not true.

Although Lamarckism and the theory of acquired characteristics has suffered severely from lack of scientific evidence to support its conclusions, the opposite theory, that of the innate capacity of the individual organism to pass on to posterity only those characteristics which it possessed at birth, has been substantiated step by step through rigorous experimentation and meticulous documentation of results by the world's leading biologists. And yet, incredible as it may seem in view of this fact, the earlier, untenable theory continues to find honor everywhere within the modern social political and philosophical framework. Why should this be so?

Why are the findings of biology in the specialized field of heredity anathema to the purveyors of Dialectical Materialism, deplored by religionists, suspect by political scientists, feared by sociologists, and a constant thorn

in the side of applied psychology?

Before attempting to answer this question it is interesting to note the utter divergency of these various groups, irreconcilable among themselves, yet tacitly allied in their common resistance to the findings of Genetics. It is only when these findings are analyzed and their implications realized that one can really begin to understand the existence of so many unlike foes.

In the first place Modern Western Society is philosophically based on the proposition that environment is just about everything; that environment forms the individual and, therefore, that a controlled environment will mold the individual into the specific pattern desired for a given social context. Genetics denies this. It not only denies it. It is in a fair way to refuting it altogether. The genes, tiny elements within the bodies of all organisms and in their germ cells, are, declare the exponents of Genecology, the sole determining factors of the characteristics of these living organisms, with the result — and here is the rub — that modifications by environment, whether accidental or deliberate, are absolutely discontinuous. Put simply, this means that all a man learns in his lifetime, his morals, technical knowledge, learned artistic facility, learned ability to reason rationally — in short, everything with which he did not come into the world will die with him. None of these admirable accessories can be transmitted to the next generation. The slate is wiped clean, figuratively speaking, and the new man (offspring of the old) must painstakingly acquire these qualities all over again.

Such is the bitter pill prepared by Genetics for the whole human species. It is small wonder there is so much face-making and refusal to accept the prescription.

"An unpleasant truth," Thomas Mann has said, "is better than a noble lie." There are those, and at present they are in the overwhelming majority, who disagree with him. This is because Man

has never given up his dream of Utopia. The literature of the Western World is steeped in explicit and implicit Utopianism. What, after all, is the undefined goal deeply motivating the sincere political scientist, psychologist, religionist, sociologist, economist, poet, painter and composer but the seemingly practical yearning and groping after the misty millenium? But for the millenium to be attainable it is necessary that Man, the rational animal, be susceptible to change by his fellows. Only by the deliberate, rational molding of the entity that is himself can Man hope to arrive at a state of distant worldly bliss. The conclusions of Genetics, fear the millenium seekers, may ultimately blight that hope forever.

The following is a statement made a generation ago by a director of a New York training school for social work: "The notion of biological heredity, and of innate capacity as a determining factor, would have a paralyzing effect upon the young social worker, faced as he is with the problems of maladjustments of various kinds. Without the hope and courage which the theories of social causation and social control give, no one could long endure social work."

Here then, is an open confession by a recognized sociologist that the acceptance of the theory of heredity coupled with that of innate capacity would foreshadow the collapse of sociology as now constituted. It is little wonder that the social scientists fear the findings of Genetics.

Basically this is the reason why religionists deplore the theory of innate capacity with its unmistakable implication that Man is unmoldable. It is the reason Political scientists suspect it and why the CCCP (Central Committee of the Communist Party) loathe it to the point of hysteria. If Man cannot be successfully molded so that the impress of environmental factors 'takes' for future generations, then the future of Man cannot be influenced one iota by rational means. Everytime a new generation matures the old grind

must begin again because the new generation cannot have been influenced hereditarily for good in the moral sense by the preceding one. Each generation must learn anew, the hard way.

Genetics threatens to destroy, indeed has already destroyed, the fallacy of the 'normal man.' Nevertheless the NORMAL MAN remains enshrined in the minds and wills of the invested interests of modern society. The concept of the 'normal' man is not only convenient, declare these interests, but expedient if we are to avoid the chaos of anarchy attendant upon the ditching of the notion, however false.

Like the maladroit tailors in the land of Laputa, we daily cut our cloth to fit that almost nonexistent creature, the 'normal man.' Nevertheless the malady survives the truth that contradicts it because the assumption acts as a self-fulfilling prediction," says Professor Barret Hardin, instructor in biology at the University of California.

Many of the obstacles to the study of individuality spring from economic sources. It costs more to determine the limits — if there are any — of normal variations than it does to take a few measurements, cast an average and call it 'normal.' Mass production presumes the unitary man, largely ignoring the individual differences. The NORMAL consumer will want such-and-such it is decided, as if Man himself were derived from a socio-mystical assembly line with a small percentage of flawed individuals, too few to be taken into commercial account. The unaverage man gets short shrift at the hands of the mass producers; and yet, ironically enough, the unaverage man is in reality Everyman!

Most of us are aware of characteristics that vary in a continuous way such as height, weight, intelligence and reaction time. The rareness of normality is emphasized when we consider entities that vary discontinuously such as blood factors. "How many cruelties," asks Professor Hardin, "must we not be perpetuating in matters in which the phenomena are less well understood

than blood, and where our failures are less obviously signalized than they have been in the past in transfusion deaths?"

On page 159 of his book, *Nature and Man's Fate*, Professor Hardin refers to "the heavy hand of equalitarianism."

Perhaps, he points out, few words in the last century and a half have been so productive of confusion as these words from the American Declaration of Independence: "All men are created equal." What does this mean? asks Professor Hardin. If it is to be taken literally then no statement has been more false. The odds against two men being created equal are overwhelming. Genetic equality would be the rarest of accidents. The notion of biological equality has crept into the general psyche through the ambiguity of the Declaration of Independence which was meant to declare, not that all men are created equal, but that all men are created equal before the law; are, in effect, legally equal. It may seem ludicrous to assert that a genius and a moron are equal, but theoretically such is the case before the law.

The fact that wealth begets power and power wields influence tends to an appreciable extent to falsify the assertion of equality before the law. However, it is not the law as declared, but its instruments, its biological constituents, who are at fault and who negate the theory of legal equality when they succumb to venal practices such as the favoring of the powerful over the weak, the influential over the un-influential.

"All men," Professor Hardin concludes in his brilliant elucidation of the theory of evolution from Darwin's time to the present day, "are, by nature, unequal — this is the censored

truth of our century. We are as afraid of the consequences of admitting that truth as the Victorians were of the consequences of admitting that men are animals. Yet surely history will ultimately show that, in both instances, the consequences are good and compatible with human decency."

This is the one hope that the stubborn opposers of Genetics will have to fall back on when the accumulation of evidence of innate capacity becomes so great that only the desperately irrational observer will continue to deny it.

The old systems, together with the old notions, will be swept away and it will be up to men of vision and intelligence to replace them with a philosophy compatible with the knowledge that both normality and equality are a mythological as the gods of ancient Greece.

"If a man does not keep peace with his companions," said Henry David Thoreau, American naturalist and humanist, "perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured and far away." This the individual owes to himself, declares Professor Hardin. The individual requires peace of mind in order not to indulge in that form of aggression called equalitarianism. Equalitarianism, which may proceed from honorable motives, has a tendency to degenerate into dogma, demanding equality of taste, performance and ideals. It demands that others be like *me* or rather — like my image of myself. Equalitarianism grows into a powerful pressure for conformity, taking no cognizance of the different drummers men hear. It is the contrary belief, that men are genuinely different, that supports and fosters freedom.

HELPING HAND

The best place to find a Helping Hand is on the end of your arm.

MUCH TOO GOOD FOR THEM?

Neil Hicks

SHOULD A MAN sentenced to prison for an offense against the law be allowed to work during the day to support his family and pay his own board bill at the prison where he lives by night? Is it letting him off too easy? Is it unfair to decent people?

Or is it sound common sense?

It can be argued that the responsibility of being a bread winner is a powerful rehabilitative force and that taxpayers ought not be made to support unnecessarily any man in near unproductivity. Or it may be argued with equal conviction that it is "Much too good for them!" — that prisoners should not be pampered with the dignity of gainful employment in competition with more deserving citizens on the labor market, even if they are made to spend their nights in prison confinement. It is almost like treating them as if they were respectable folk and not criminals at all!

You could get an argument either way — or give one. But the fact is that such arrangements have been going on quietly and successfully in several places throughout the world, and for several years.

IN HOLLAND

Half the inmates of Utrecht Prison in Holland are working in city factories by day and serving time by night. That is one of the penal improvements that have come to Holland as a result of some very big people being imprisoned during the Nazi occupation. Judges, lawyers and other influential men, when they found themselves on the inside looking out, came to see from the prisoner's point of view the fallacies and evils of a self-defeating penal structure. They vowed to do something about it.

When war ended, a royal commission was formed. Penal reform followed which included the part-time-prisoner idea. There was the usual political opposition but the movement was put through, and on the last report the plan was working very well.

IN ENGLAND, TOO

In East Sutton Park, Kent, female prisoners serve time in a former manor house on an eighty-five acre farm. They work the farm themselves, tending their chickens, pigs and cows cheerfully and efficiently. At hop-picking or fruit-picking time they earn money working for neighboring farmers.

They may go shopping at nearby Maidstone with a chaperone from the staff, see a play, visit the museum or attend a free-world church. The girls of East Sutton Park are allowed a good deal of personal dignity and responsibility, and they respond to it. Their recidivism rate is 27% — a fraction of Canada's.

Leyhill Prison, Gloucester, although it contains long-term prisoners as well as short-termers, also allows inmates to take day work on farms. And some ride the bus to Bristol where they attend university. At noon they eat lunch at the university dining hall with free-world students, and return by bus to the prison at night.

Bristol Prison which, by the way, is maximum security, has had since 1953 a hostel inside the wall, though separated from the prison proper. There,

"habituals" serving preventive detention (5 to 14 years) are allowed to spend their last eight months. They work at free-world jobs in Bristol and live almost as civilians in their hostel, paying for board and lodging and with freedom to come and go on Sundays, holidays and evenings. The Bristol Prison has found results in the rehabilitation of these habituals "encouraging."

In all Regional Training Prisons and in some Central Prisons, inmates finishing three years or more are allowed a five-day furlough during their last four months to re-establish family ties and make job contacts. Long termers in Wakefield are chosen to study outside with free people attending an adult education Citizenship Course.

AND IN THE U.S.A.

Wisconsin has since 1912, at the passing of the Huber Act, allowed prisoners under sentence to work like free men in industry. Part-time prisoners simply sign out of prison to go to work in the morning, and sign themselves back in at night. They pay the prison for room and board, support their dependents and save money for the day when they will be completely free.

Oddly enough it was the "much too good for them" complaint that gave birth to the Bill in the first place. The story is that Senator Huber while visiting prisons was shocked to see prisoners idling their time away playing cards and smoking, the citizens outside meanwhile working to support them. And so the Act.

Industry was at first slow to accept the Wisconsin prisoners, according to Don Dutton, *Toronto Star* Staff Writer.

"By 1956, however, there were not enough to fill the requests of employers. Ten other states, after studying Wisconsin's system, have introduced the 'live in, work out' program."

For nearly four years now Santa Clara County, California, has allowed prisoners to work on the open labor market. Authorities have found results

gratifying in dollars saved the taxpayer and in fewer repeaters. Some figures:

- \$43000 earned by 120 prisoners of Santa Clara County.
- \$15000 collected from them by the County for board and room.
- \$35000 estimated to have been saved on relief payments to men's families.
- 75% of those paroled were still free two years later.

Santa Clara County is pleased.

IN CANADA

Liberal leader John Wintermeyer, who has a reputation for being outspoken, recently brought the prisoner-work-subject into focus. During a debate on the methods of the provincial Department of Reform Institutions he suggested that gainful employment of prisoners on the free labor market would cure many of Canada's penological ills.

In pointing out that statistics expose failures in the present system he said nearly 50% of Ontario's prisoners are now serving at least their fourth term.

Sooner or later someone will inevitably take up where Mr. Wintermeyer left off. Someone will advocate that Federal prison inmates be allowed to participate in such a progressive program. For 6500-odd Federal prisoners — indeed many more when Ottawa has taken over responsibility for the provinces' one-year men — ought not to be forgotten. Comparatively few of them are estimated to be maximum security risks.

Ten years ago the privilege of hobbycraft was introduced to Canadian penitentiaries and prisoners worked so diligently at carving leather purses and making doilies and such for their families to sell that there was dark talk among free-world merchants about "unfair competition." When people got used to the idea, though, hobbycraft became accepted. Working inmates would come to be accepted too, as people paused to think.

For if the prisoner may not support himself and family, to whatever extent, the public must. Canada's prisoners could be, and would like to be, much more productive than the present system permits. They too, could ease the taxpayers' burden and profit by the dignity of being a valid part of Canada's labor force — of paying their own

way.

When this comes to pass in Canada (be it necessary or not that influential people first serve time, as in Holland) there will be opposition. But even the opposers will come to agree that working for a living is *not* "much too good for them."

A LETTER TO YOU FROM PARASKEVI

Dear Foster Parents,

I wish that you are keeping in good health as we are also. I received the \$8.00 for this month and was delighted and I thank you for your help. Thanks to your help and to the small help that my sister send me from Germany, I plan to take the high school entrance exams.

It is still winter now and the cold is severe. We are waiting for the Spring now. I thank you again for your gifts and I will be praying for your health. My mother, my brothers and my sisters send you regards.

I greet you with love and respect, your foster daughter,

Paraskevi Kostavasili



Hobbycrafters are invited to contribute some item to send this little girl who has been adopted by the men of K. P.. Let's show her that we really care. Contact Telescope.

The following, reprinted from one of America's foremost penal publications, is an article by the warden of a state penitentiary.

PENALTY

worse than death

There is a man working in my home who killed his wife. Before becoming a murderer, he had been honorably discharged from the Navy, had never been arrested, had never been out of work. He came into the Minnesota State Prison at the age of twenty-six and he is now thirty-three. My wife and two young daughters are in his care daily. He serves my food. I would bet every dime I own that he would not commit another crime.

The question is: How much time should Al serve? Until he is fifty years old? Sixty? Or, as his sentence indicates, until he dies?

When he looks around, he feels discouraged and hopeless. One of his fellow lifers is seventy-four and he has been in prison for forty-seven years. As one of the six states without capital punishment, Minnesota makes its murderers serve some of the longest terms in the nation. Too often their only release comes through insanity or a "back-door" parole—the convict's euphemism for death.

Many of my 110 lifers at Stillwater, where I served as Warden, have put in from twenty to forty years for their crimes. Some of them now are lame, halt and blind. Few can look back on memories of love and work and children that most old folks have. Their only memory is time — prison time.

I am appalled by the human waste

these men represent. There surely must be a better way of coping with the phenomenon of murder than locking a man up for life.

Some of you must be thinking, "Well isn't that just too tough! What do you want to do — let murderers go scot free?"

It is tough. It is tough on these forgotten lifers and tough on the taxpayer. It takes about \$1200 a year to keep a man in prison. If he does about thirty years, that costs the public \$36,000. My 110 lifers have cost taxpayers hundreds of thousands. I say that the lives of these men have been wasted and so has the public's money.

Some of these dollars would have been spent more profitably on a good prison program to rehabilitate and educate these men so that they could leave prison in a shorter time and not continue to be a drain on the community. As it is in Minnesota and many other states, the lifers may be too senile to leave prison or they go out embittered over wasted years, too old to earn a living and without the social security that you and I have to help us meet our old age.

I asked Al, our houseman, how much time he thought he should serve for killing his wife. He looked at me steadily before he answered. "How can you pay off a debt by measuring it in time?" he asked.

He obviously did not expect an answer, but quietly kept on turning over the problem that had been uppermost in his mind for the last seven years.

"If I didn't have any reason for doing it, if I just got tired of my wife and killed her, I should serve life. But then I think of all that happened first and I look at it another way, and say how much time should they give me? Then you're up against a wall. How am I going to say I should do five years and go home? Or should the law say twenty-five years, and if you are good, maybe you'll get out in seventeen?"

That day Al told me something about his life. I know most of it from records I checked carefully before permitting him to work in the warden's residence across the street from the prison. I knew that the selection of a murderer to work in my home would startle the prison inmates and some of my neighbors in this town of Stillwater. But I have a conviction that a prison should be a place of hope for the inmates and the community as well. I wanted to dispel some of the prison silent system and the theory that all convicts are deprived.

I know that I wasn't running any risks with Al. He had a good prison record. His most constant visitor and best friend is the mother of the wife he killed. She said he had been devoted and hard-working husband until marital problems divided the pair; a loving father, not only to his own daughters but to his wife's twin boys from a previous marriage. I felt that he would be alright to have in the house with my fourteen and eight-year-old daughters.

A husky, pleasant-faced negro, Al was born in Kentucky, the seventh of nine children of a coal miner and a school teacher. His father died when he was twelve, so Al began to work afternoons to help support the family. He had managed to complete two years of high school when the war broke out. He joined the Navy and was stationed

at the naval air station near Minneapolis. After the war, Al got a job pressing clothes and married a pretty, young divorcee. For two or three years they were fairly happy. Al made a superhuman effort to get ahead. He worked at his regular job, attended a tailoring school under the G.I. Bill, and had a night job in a drugstore. Then his wife began complaining that he didn't take her out enough. To satisfy her, he dropped out of school and his night job. Later, with some Navy bonus money, he made a down payment on a cleaning establishment, but kept his old job.

When he asked his wife to help him by staying in their shop to accept laundry, she refused.

"I blew up," Al said. I figured the least she could do was help if I was trying to get ahead."

They decided to separate. When his wife would not let him see their daughter, Al began drinking. He heard rumors that his wife was going out with other men. After one weekend of heavy drinking, he met her on the street, an argument ensued, he stabbed her to death and then tried to kill himself.

When brought to trial, he entered a plea of guilty and was sentenced to life imprisonment. After he entered prison, the thought that he might spend the rest of his life behind bars was so unbearable that Al began to think of committing suicide.

"One Sunday a guy jumped off the top cell tier and killed himself," he told me. "Next day, I thought, I'd try it. Then my mother-in-law came with the kids, and when they had to leave, my little one said, 'I don't want to go. I want to stay with daddy,'" and she was crying and the boys were crying. That hit me very hard. I thought about them all morning and kinda forgot the idea of suicide.

"I want to put those kids through high school. That's my one hope — to get out of here before they get into high school. If they have it rough, they'll

quit. I want to be in a position where I can help them."

In California, where I served many years as associate warden at San Quentin Prison, first-degree-murder cases are eligible for parole at the end of seven years, but seldom are paroled before nine or ten years. Murder seconds, (second-degree murders) can be considered for parole at the end of one third of their minimum sentences, or twenty months.

How has this worked? In California, of 270 cases sentenced for murder first degree and subsequently paroled, only two were convicted again for homicide. A study published in 1958 of California parolees released between 1946 — 49 showed that homicide offenders were best parole risks.

The over-all violation rate for all parolees was 50 percent. Homicide offenders showed a violation of 17 percent; robbers of 50 percent; assault cases 35 percent; burglars 57 percent; auto thieves 65 percent; forgers 64 percent; narcotics offender 45 percent; and sex offenders 33 percent.

It should be noted that in California parole supervision is strict, and men are returned to prison for any failure to abide by the parole.

Yet, where lifers have no hope they often have figured in escape attempts. Michigan, which has the death penalty only for treason, had 547 men serving life in Jackson Prison in 1952 when inmates erupted into the most dangerous prison riot in American history. Among the riot leaders were some lifers.

In 1908, Minnesota had its last hanging. It was so horribly bungled that it helped to contribute to the abolition of capital punishment in 1911. To day Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Maine prohibit executions for any crime. Certain other states keep the death penalty on the law books only for treason or murder committed under special conditions.

I believe that states which have abolished capital punishment often have

substituted something far worse, life sentences with practically no hope for parole. Because of my experience in Minnesota, I would object to the elimination of capital punishment in any state unless lifers are given an opportunity to earn their parole within a realistic time.

The record in Minnesota is a disheartening one. During the thirty years prior to 1931, only six lifers were paroled. The present three-man parole board was then set up and, on paper, lifers were made eligible for parole consideration after serving thirty-five years. But it was also required that parole recommendation receive the unanimous consent — often not given — by the pardon board, composed of the governor, chief justice and the attorney general. During the following twenty years only five lifers were granted paroles. A number were freed, however, by commutation or pardon by the state pardon board, without adequate parole supervision. A random check on twenty-four of those released shows only one new conviction, and that not a homicide.

Then in 1951 the Minnesota law was changed to enable the parole board to consider the release for lifers who had served twenty-five years and had no previous felony conviction. With good-conduct time, this would be cut to approximately seventeen years. Lifers with prior felony convictions had to serve thirty-five years or about twenty-four years with good conduct.

The new law did little to reduce the backlog of lifers in prison. From 1951 through 1954 three received parole. One more was paroled in February of 1955. The despair of men who had served twenty-five, thirty and forty years of incarceration, or half-life, maintain that it would have been more kind to kill them swiftly and mercifully. If it were not for the insidious, small hope of freedom sometime in the future, what man would allow himself to be shut up, allow the gates of the prison to close on him forever and ever.

f o u r p o e m s

FIRST LOVE

That slow summer
When we were ten
I spun away from you,
Rollerskating into peripheries
Beyond your ken.

I flew on the wings of freedom
To the keen edge of the world
(body washed cool
In a lake of air)
And all around
My world spun green-and-gold
As skates sang songs of progress
At my feet.

Oh I was a fledging Mercury
Who fathomed steep vaults
To infinity —
Oh I was invincible
In the bright morning
Until I returned
To that temple of trees
Where you waited
In a green silence.

And when you smiled
Like a Spanish Infanta
Asking: What was it like?
My heart hurt me, Yolanda,
And my boyhood shook
Like a rope-in-the-wind
Because
There were golden shackles
Around your voice.

E.E.C.

POPULARITY

Enemies are seldom rare
Though friends are hard to get.
I've had my shares of Gardens
Of Gethsemanes — and yet,
Some of my best friends
Are enemies, my pet.

N.H.

DESTINATION

When I travel the world around
Till my curiosity is spent,
When I've heard the village 'sound'
Where no cat pays rent;
When to great men I have talked
And pondered civilization's core,
And when at last, I have finally walked
Through every dark and mysterious
door;
When I've beheld all ancient treasured
Till my esthetic thirst is quenched,
When with Mankind's rain of pleasures
I am most thoroughly drenched;
When I've tired of world-association
And I am at life's inevitable bend,
When I've reached my destination:
My life's long journey's end;
When life's activities are dulled
And pleasures hold no spice,
When to my heart all things are cold,
As cold as crystal ice;
Then I will drink from death's dark
chalice,
Dipped from Mankind's poisoned
well,
And I will dance in Satan's palace —
In the way down capital of Hell!

M.L.

PALE PAGEANTRY

Lusty lutes echo softly on the Tiber
In meretricious Rome of yesterday;
Pompous fools and gladiators clamor,
Caesar's words are spoken to decay.
Time passes, hope from heart is torn,
And all the goddesses are laughed to
scorn.

J.B.



SUCCESS thy Name is MUSIC

Jacquie Branton

Turn up the dial, lie back and listen to the dulcet tones of almost any popular young singer doing almost any popular young song and the thought will hit you "I could write something as good as that!" True, you probably could. But would it sell? Take the case of the guy who dashed off a heart rending little ditty entitled "I'll Do My Sobbing In The Sleet." Unfortunately it hit the stands at approximately the same time as "I'll Do My Crying In The Rain." So you see, it's a matter of timing. Personally, I feel that the lyrics to the former song were a trifle more profound, but in the song-writing business one must at times sacrifice epic works in order to gain popularity.

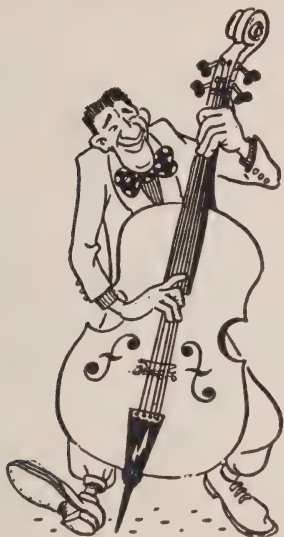
To begin with, you have to ascertain whether or not your talents lie in this field. Some people feel that a knowledge of harmony, counter-point and all that

jazz are necessary in order to know what you are doing. Sheer Fallacy! Do you honestly believe that songs like "If I Were Out I Wouldn't Be In" were based on a knowledge of chord structure? Heavens no, they were based on knowing when and what the public's fancy would turn to. It is important to remember at this point that payola is a thing of the past. Little things like having the music and the lyrics fit together somewhat are considered important, but even this is not a hard and fast rule when you are aiming for the top ten list.

After reaching the decision to take Tin Pan Alley by storm it is considered sage advise to make a choice of what type of music you are going to write. Chorals for string quartets and chamber music are best left alone until you command a certain selling power. How-

ever, breaking into the top field isn't all that hard. Fix firmly in your mind that the accent falls on the first and third beat, lean heavily on this and add a simple lyric like Shoom shoom, boom boom etc. and you'll turn out something worthy of the disc jockeys' accolades.

Folk music being the commercial success it is to-day, you may feel that this field is one in which you would shine. A slight knowledge of guitar and Stanislavsky's method of acting are helpful, but a lack of these is not a hinderance. Just remember the last time



you were broke and/or hungry, and you will achieve the same result.. Folk music is basically, well it's folk music. So if you think of something that appeals to folks you are on the way. Ethnic groups have been known to become upset over things like lynchings, bombings and what not, so it is best to suppress the desire to do things like "I Lost My Arab Lover On The Gaza Strip."

The specialized field of music-to-do-things-by is very rewarding but does hold certain drawbacks. A friend of mine toiled diligently on an album called "Music To Mix Acid And Glycerin By." It bombed, and he has never been the same since.



On the jazz scene unless you have a beard and are proficient on the bongo drums, it's rather senseless trying to get in. This is not generally considered a commercially lucrative field, although Shearing and Brubeck might argue this point with you.



Now that you have all the fundamentals needed in the art of song-writing, you still have one remaning problem — you need an astute judge of music to let you know whether to continue in your new found profession. I suggest you send me a copy of your music and lyrics along with a pittance of a fee, say uh, twenty-five dollars. I can't tell you whether or not you have any potential in this field but I certainly can use the money.

B I G

D A V E

7450

'Big Dave' is a name heard in Canadian penitentiaries. It derives from the officious and unwieldy title of Canada's Justice Minister E. David Fulton. Though possibly an unwarranted familiarity, the shortening of E. David Fulton's name is indicative of how Canadian penitentiary inmates feel about him. To the former, 'Big Dave' stands for new concepts, new systems, and new prisons. 'Big Dave' has a job which entails the making of plans and he works at it. Whenever a prison inmate is depressed and wondering if his lot will ever improve, he can pick up any newspaper and be assured that it will; without fail, Justice Minister Fulton will be planning for him from the printed pages. For instance, three years ago, speaking through his favorite medium, 'Big Dave' said,

"Canadian penitentiaries are out of date!"

After making this observation, 'Big Dave' promptly attributed the unhappy fact to the incompetence of the Liberal government and set about rectifying it — he built prisons. They are bigger and better prisons than even the most liberal-minded Liberal could

imagine. And as the need for prisons grows increasingly greater, 'Big Dave' meets it in his own incomparable way — he builds more. That they will always be in use was the point of his oratory at Sherbrooke University in Montreal last year.

"Everyone serving a sentence of one year or more," he told the students, "will do so in a federal institution."

There were those attending the lecture who feared that the influx of one-year men into federal institutions might effect prison turnover but 'Big Dave' hastened to assure them that it would not.

"It is impossible to learn a trade in less than two years," he said, indicating that there wouldn't be all that many one-year men.

He deplores, always through the press, mixed incarceration and recommends segregation of different types of offenders. He hopes ultimately to separate the reformable from the unreformable. The magnitude of this monumental undertaking becomes clear only if you are a prison inmate; and since 'Big Dave' is certainly not a prison inmate, it is doubtful if he realizes

what a great thing he hopes to do. (It should be made clear that, though 'Big Dave's' heart may be with prison inmates, he is not, in actual fact, a convict).

"Is it not remarkable," he asked a reporter for the *Toronto Telegram*, "that we have gone on all during these years, continuing to follow the same old methods; shutting up all types of inmates behind the same wall?"

If the reporter answered, the *Telegram* never reported it. 'Big Dave' went on to make his point in spite of this.

"We are," he said to the reticent re-



porter, "crowding more and ever more inmates into the same limited accommodation; neglecting to provide a full, industrious day's work for every inmate."

A year has passed since 'Big Dave' had this little talk with the reticent reporter and since then he has made plans to provide every inmate with just what he feels is necessary to rehabilitate them — an industrious day's work. In the Commons, he revealed that his government proposed to institute factory set-ups in federal prisons. The object of this plan is to make work-shop conditions in prison match

conditions inmates will encounter in commercial industry in the free world.

"These factories," 'Big Dave' said, "will reduce the prospect of inmates repeating as criminals."

He did not say how prison factories would effect recidivism but there certainly must be a connection or he would not have implied one. He did not elaborate on the ways prison factories would resemble conditions in free-world industry either. Since federal prisons are not likely to install coke-machines, or organize dance parties as do some free-world factories, 'Big Dave' can only mean that the working hours will be on a parallel.

"The work done in these factories," he stated further, "will be diversified enough so as not to effect private industry."

The prison-production-plan will undoubtedly produce more, but of what, 'Big Dave' neglected to say. The only conceivable item that could be produced in prison and which would not effect private industry is argyle scampers. But 'Big Dave' is a heads-up administrator and he undoubtedly knows what he is about.

"Anything produced in these factories," he said at one point during his lengthy address, "will be for government and tax-supported institutions."

In Canada this means mental hospitals, non-productive prisons and Cookesville Clubs. Of course, these are just a few of the many government-supported institutions. Inmates of Canadian prisons can be thankful that they are not in Russia where the government has its finger in all the pies and makes no bones about it.

'Big Dave' has had plans before and he will undoubtedly have plans again, but he sincerely intends that the eight-hour day should come to federal prisons. As for fringe benefits, they have not been formulated yet. But prison inmates all over Canada will be watching the newspapers with interest and keen anticipation.



Lloyd Vandel

Nine fight bouts introduced the Spring Sports. On March 25th., Promoter-matchmaker Tony Gardiner along with trainers Joe Mattola and Lloyd Vandal gave us a fight card that was in the opinions of many, the best ever held in our Gardens. Six K.O.'s in eight fights had the fans going wild for most of the after-noon.

J. Slaughter announced seconds: D. Warwick, D. Bradd, Lloyd Vandal, J. Mattola; time keepers: Lou G. and that other Louis; dressing room officials: W. Dumas, J. Begood, Frederick; rubdown man: Al. Monday and the water boy, Gordon. Judges were J. Roy, T. Nichols and the referee 'Tough' Bobby Wood. A mandatory eight count for any knockdown and three knockdowns in one round ended the fight. Rounds were of two minute duration.....if you could weather it that long.

'Red' Milne in stopping Morin at 1:20 of the second round had no difficulty and he deserves a shot at a more experienced fighter. Morin tried but there was never any doubt.

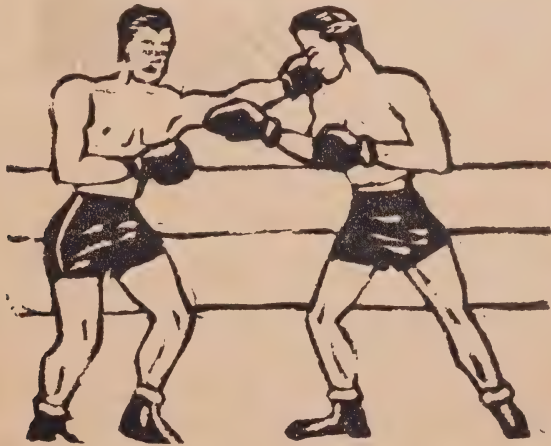
Middleweights Nash and Cromier ran out of steam early in their bout and though this fight was very close, the split decision handed to Nash was just. Both fighters should be in better condition for their next contest.

A first-round knockdown gave 148 lb. Heffle a decided edge in decisioning 150-lb. Henderson. At times it appeared that Henderson may have thought the Marquis of Queensbury was a cocktail, or something other than the gentleman who is credited with the rules of fair play in the squared circle. Heffle has a fighter's reflexes and he is going to give us a real program one day.

I don't think there was a person in the 'house' who felt that Donnie Cuthbertson could, or would, bow to MacVoy...he did though. MacVoy, a converted south paw, exchanged blows with Donnie in the first round and had him on queer street in no time at all. Had Donnie gone to the canvas for the mandatory eight count, the fight would not have been called at the 1:55 mark of the first. Many fans felt that, despite referee Woods decision to stop the fight, Donnie could have gone on. The call was the referee's and, if he thought that either fighter was in danger of serious injury, he was quite right in stopping the action. It was an upset for MacVoy....(and Donnie, hang up your gloves before someone gets charged with manslaughter.)



Welterweight 'Irish' Jim Foley (ex-champion) dropped Roy Deshane on three separate occasions in the second, thereby winning the fight. Deshane had a superior boxing quality to Foley's but he couldn't cope with the heavy body blows. An interesting highlight to this fight was in the first round when we had our own version of the famous 'Long Count'. With a smashing blow to the mid-section followed by a right to the head, Deshane went to the canvas and was still on his back at the count of six when the referee stopped the count because Foley's second had taken a short step in the ring. When the count resumed it was started all over again enabling Deshane to get his bearings. As it was Foley won, but can you imagine the howls had he lost?



'Toughie' Wood, 285 lbs. and little 178-lb. Bobby Thibault (that's right... 285 lbs. for Wood) gave us three fine rounds of exhibitive pugilism. Thibault claims that everyone knows, had there been a decision, he would've copped it!

In a five round (scheduled) heavyweight contest, J. J. Smith put Freddie Sweet on the way out at 1:10 of the first. I can't even remember how this one went...it ended too fast.

Tony Gardiner handled the ref chores for the remaining bouts.

The two-fisted bombing attack of Cyril Roussy has always served him well. Evidence of this is that all his fights have been K.O.'s. 'Punchie' Morrisson was no exception. After going to the canvas in the first and second round, 'Punchie' felt that he couldn't make it for the fourth and Roussy won by a T.K.O. This Frenchman can hit hard and he isn't afraid to get hit either. He's earned a title fight.

Everyone was looking forward to the six-round Middleweight Title Fight between Andy Anderson at 159 lbs. and Bobby Titchener, 157 lbs. These boys fought each other before and though Titchener won, a great many believed that had Andy continued to box in that fight, instead of mixing it up, the result might have been different. He was K.Oed then as he was in this fight.

In the first round Andy displayed beautiful boxing form and the judge gave him the round for it. In the second he tried to slug it out and wound up on the wrong end. Both fighters were in perfect condition. Head to head while crouching, Andy ran into a short right hand when moving away from a left hook. That dropped him for the mandatory eight count. Though the storm was calm for the rest of this round and the third, it was not to be abated in the fourth. Titchener, intent on a knock-out, tore into Andy, flooring him twice, with the second knockdown ending the fight by a ten count. The Middleweight Champion (once again) Bobby Titchener. This was the *Fight of the Day*.



The Sport and Entertainment Committee is at last a reality. Six inmates were voted to represent us in all matters of sport or entertainment. Buddy Johnson as chairman is the man for the job. Common sense along with the determination to get what is needed are the assets he possesses.

Johnny Roy, serving as secretary and interpreter, (French) is well known as a competent boxer and sport enthusiast.

Herb Handy and Johnny Fox have been around for some time and are well aware of the inmates' needs. Playing an active part in all phases of sport in past years, Herb and Johnny are handling outside activities for the present. (Baseball has started this month with a great many changes I'm told.)

Tony Gardner (not Joe) has been taking care of everything in the gym and doing a fine job too. The youngest member on the committee, Tony is expected to take an active part in sports....say like boxing? (His boxing abilities are common knowledge.)

The last member, Kenny Burns, has served on other committees in other places and his willingness to please makes him popular with all whom he comes in contact.

If you have any problems, complaints or reasonable suggestions concerning sports or entertainment, get in touch with any member of the committee. They will try to have it ironed out.



Vandal's Scandals

Kathy Vandal

SEWING ROOM ACTIVITIES: A welcome sight is A Range's popular Committee member, Stella W. back at work after several trips to the downtown hospital. (We are glad to see you back and feeling better.) In the upper-floor sewing room Bonnie can be found making like a seamstress these days. And on the clean-up scene, on the ends of mops, are Barbara "The Monster" A. and Shirley "Squeaky" M.

KITCHEN CUT-UPS find Linda I. as a newcomer in this department. Lorraine McG. is now a cook. What a trio! Hazel, "The Menace," Jackie, "The Kook" and Laurie, "The Doll." It's sorta like a rose between two thorns, Eh, Kiddo?

LAUNDRY LINES: The main news here is Spring Fever. Everyone has it and we're all on a "Down with the laundry" kick. Anyone for the old Sulphur-and-molasses bit? Darlene was overheard lamenting that three things she digs the least in this house are the cabbage, the pigeons and rolling cigarettes.

THE QUESTION OF THE MONTH is Where was Gordie Howe at playoff time last month? And do you know a certain gin rummy whiz who blanks out completely when it comes to a game of X's and O's?

TV-WISE: With the opening ballgame on April 14th, our common room was filled with avid ball fans who argued good-naturedly, as ball fans will. (Tell me, Laurie, who are Mantle and Maris?)

The Twist has lost its popularity at our house and during the American Bandstand some are trying the Mashed Potato bit. If Doctor Ben Casey leaves the air for the summer months, I'm all for leaving with him. Hopes and dreams, that's me. We are all hoping for more of Judy Garland, Jackie Wilson and Timi Yuro this summer.

RIDING THE RANGES, it seems that Ambrose is an indoor kitten. When she can't get outside to the yard she spends the day sunning herself on the window ledge. Oh, for the life of a kitten!

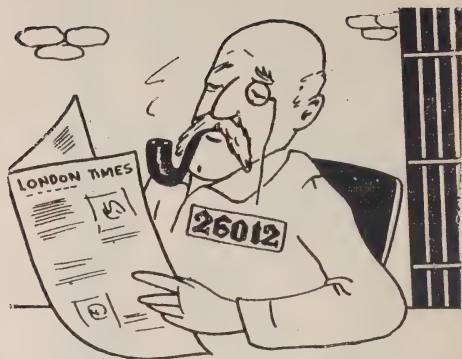
HOSPITAL-WISE: Will somebody please tell Peggy M. and Doreen T. that spring cleaning is wonderful but they can call a halt any day. Our hospital is so clean now that it is almost a pleasure to get sick. These two Florence Nightingowns are not only good workers but are all heart. They have very definite ideas on recuperation too, like putting a mop in a patient's hands.

SCHOOL SCENE finds the typing group actually turning out work. Shirley C., Vana L. and Jean B. cut stencils. Del H. has a position—the Schoolmarm's girl Friday. Around here when someone says, "Put on a record," they mean one of the shorthand-dictation jobs we have. Usually find Mary R. and Tedy with their ears glued to the Stereo. Pat B. divides her time between typewriter and press release. Jacquie divides hers between the second-floor offices and the little red schoolhouse. Everyone else here is just trying to divide time, period.

ON

THE

BIAS



The principle of punishment and revenge has been removed from the Canadian penal scene and replaced by rehabilitation and education. This makes very pleasant reading and as an ideal it could hardly be improved upon. In practice however, it leaves a great deal to be desired. Canadian penal institutions have been operating in the old way for a long time and while major policy changes are not impossible, considerable time is required to put them into effect — perhaps fifty or sixty years. By moving slowly and carefully, prison officials are able to avoid costly errors. This is important to the taxpayer but the young man in prison for the first time is likely to miss the point. If he is to be rehabilitated it must be done now — before prison life and prison association have made an impression upon him from which he can never recover.

In passing sentence on young offenders, judges and magistrates often observe that, had the prisoner at the bar finished his schooling and obtained the education that is available to all Canadians he would not now be on his way to prison. Truer words were never spoken! Unwittingly they have touch-

J. S. B.

ed on a matter of national importance. A whole generation of youthful law-breakers could be salvaged if the importance of education were properly assessed. No new theories are involved. It is simply a matter of training.

If the young man does wrong he should be taught to do right.

There is nothing radical about that. Plato observed: "that no one does wrong voluntarily, but only when his real judgement is overcome by passion or obscured by ignorance." Training and education are beneficial both to the subject and to all society. Punishment on the other hand, causes resentment and is of benefit to nobody.

The hardest part of serving a prison term is the sense of utter hopelessness. There is no way out. Nothing can be done to hasten the day of release. The extreme regimentation leaves its imprint on every person, man or woman, who has served a term in prison. Some become automatons and merely go through the motions of living until their time is up. Some nurse their resentment beneath a quiet exterior and go out hell-bent for revenge against all and sundry. In either case, both the subject and his community are losers. A period of forced inactivity does nothing to enhance a man's value to society.

Nothing in this world has ever been accomplished without an incentive. A man with no hope, nothing to strive for, is for all real purpose dead. He may appear to be alive but the essential spark is missing. Some method is required whereby a man may hasten the day of his release by some individual effort. Something other than the passage of time should decide when a man is ready to become a useful citizen.

Quite a few prisoners try to improve themselves by taking courses and generally increasing their education. They are not recruited by promises of extra 'good time' or parole. Their only motivation is a desire to improve themselves and to utilize time which otherwise would be a dead loss. It would be

only fair if such individual effort were rewarded in the only coin that has any real value to a prisoner: remission of sentence.

Under a system whereby a man could work for his own release, either by attaining a certain standard of education or by acquiring proficiency in a trade, morale in prisons would soar to a new high. Under such a system everybody would gain. There would be no losers. The prisoner would gain knowledge, self-respect and the ability to earn an honest living. Canada would gain a productive citizen.

Should the day come when a man is considered for release solely on his accomplishments during the time he has been in prison, that day will mark the beginning of a new era. Canadian prisons will gradually assume a place among educational institutions and the shameful aspect of a prison term will as gradually disappear.

I look forward to the day when a pre-sentence report will concentrate on every offender's education and training instead of on his previous convictions. If a young man had only a grade eight education he could be sentenced to stay until he graduated from high school -- or a maximum of five years. With such an incentive he would probably be eligible for release in two years and having acquired the habit of study, he would be clamoring for admittance into university. Where is the flaw in such a program?

The only possible objection is the possibility that Canadian tax-payers are quite content with the status quo and have no interest in salvaging the youthful offender, that they lose sight of the fact that these young fellows come from all levels of society and cannot be dismissed as a low element.

Surely the cost wouldn't make them hesitate. School teachers are already employed by all prisons. The cost of few more would be negligible. It hardly seems reasonable to set a price in dollars and cents on a young Canadian's whole future.

PINKY

(AROUND THE TRACK)

Stewy

"I still say you should have answered my opening bid of one no trump," Pinky argued, "with your seven points — three honours in one four-card suit and a jack in another four-carder, you should have raised my bid."

"I don't know why you're so shook up about one lousy bid," Chuck muttered angrily. "Why, you'd just finished losing six games of gin when I rescued you into one winning bridge game."

"You two guys can argue about cards for the rest of the afternoon, for all I care," Harry the Horse cantered abruptly into and out of this discussion, "I'm getting off this track and going somewhere I can grab the *Globe* and see who's running in the sixth at Woodbine." He departed in search of an entry sheet.

"Let's take a stroll along the wailing wall over on t'other side of the yard and see what's being discussed." Pinky changed the conversational and directional trend. "Instead of just walking around and around the yard, let's just see if there's anything new in the way of scandal."

"If worse comes to worse, we'll go over to where Suitease Sampson is holding court," agreed Jacky, now the third member of the strolling group. "I've already picked my sure thing for today, I don't play cards, and I'm not interested in any earth-shaking discussion of God, King, or Country."

"Yeah, it looks like Suitease is giving himself a rough time over there, trying to convince Eddy and Buddy about some sad story or other," Pinky observed. "We'll shop around, while we're on our way over, see what those other little groups are expounding."

The words of the speaker in the first group wafted from where, against the wall, an imprisoned penologist was airing his views. "...and the whole joint is on the move...only thirty percent, tops, will be staying here...the kids in here are seeking status...they're trying to establish an identity, create an image .."

Two scientists sentenced for treason, a top-grade mathematician and several budding intelligentsia comprised the next group. From this concentration of eggheads a murmur rose, "...neutron absorption...density...cross-section for fission...flux...if 'P' is the wattage output, then..." Pinky and his cohorts went quietly on.

The numerous groups seated along the wall varied in size, in purpose, and in the subjects they were discussing. Brief excerpts from their conversations floated out towards Pinky's threesome as they strolled along.

"...so I drank the two bottles of steam and was on my way to the wine store. I was in a hurry, and this guy had left the keys in his car..." "...and the bullets were seven millimetre, used in a thirty-eight, and the gun jammed..." "...as I've told you, over and over, she was big for her age..." "...and each man kills..." "you *got* to get religion, music, and A.A., and..."

"That last congregation," drily commented Pinky, "was learning the parole-expectant's catechism."

"Just a sociological, capsule study of culture, sub-culture, and other cultures in an oyster-like cloister-like environment," Jacky contributed, in a tone that showed his lack of interest. "I don't see anything here that we can horn in on. So let's hustle over, like I already suggested, once, and listen to whatever lies Suitcase is putting out today. We'll just sit down, help hold up the wall, and get the sun and vitamin D if nothing else."

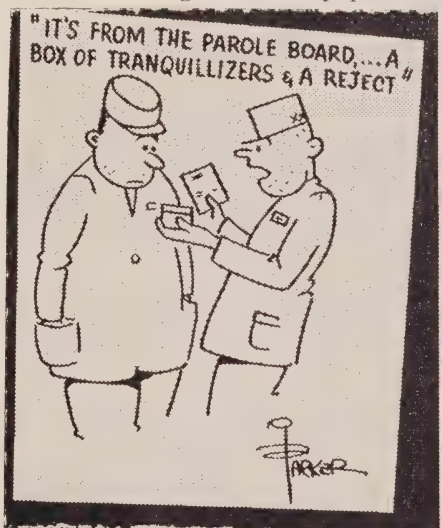
Suitcase, apparently, was in the process of ending or elaborating on whatever story he'd been telling to the small group seated around him. Pinky's arrival did nothing to disturb the flow of his conversation.

"Believe me," he was saying, in a sort of summing up, assertive narration, "that's only a *bare* statement of the truth as to how Willie got his nickname. But you guys don't have to believe me. Ask Willie himself. He's here in the

place... Though, come to think, I don't actually advise that either."

Pinky and his friends sat, certain at last that they'd reached their objective for the remainder of the afternoon — a pleasant way to spend it.

"Now the way I heard it, *in detail*," Suitcase went into a verbal gallop, "is that this guy, Willie, was at the Woodbine track one day. He gave his wife a C-note to take to the window and bet on the nose of a filly in the third race, named *Stripteaser*. He'd spent a lot of time poring over her charts and the *Form* and from her fast past performances he was deadsure that she stuck out. A sure thing at a dandy price.



"Willie's wife, though, had looked at the *Form* too, and she switched his bet at the mutual window. On a sentimental hunch she put his C-note, plus a yard-and-a-half of her own on the whiskers of a stallion named *Liberace*. Now, needless to say, *Stripteaser* came in 'way out in front and *Liberace* wasn't even a close shave behind a fifth-place gelding. So you can well imagine just about how much he appreciated *that* kind of handicap..."

"You're off to a good start, anyway, Suitcase," Pinky ribbed. "Extend yourself in the stretch and you should be a winner."

"Now, if Willie'd had a gun," continued Suitcase, "I doubt that his wife would have got away from the starting gate. As it was, he crowded her to the rail right away.

"I never really asked about just *how* his wife got over the infield rail and on to the track. But no matter, Willie was a close second behind her, with fire in his eye and murder in his heart. The crowd in the stands, so they say, went wild and cheered their performance...

"Well, the coppers pulled both Willie and his wife up short somewhere about the three-quarter pole on their second time around. They told him, later at the station, that his wife had broken the record for maidens over the last five furlongs and that he, himself, had made better time around the track than *Lib-crace* had.

"Willie, naturally, was frothing at the mouth by this time. So one of those wise-guy coppers snidely remarked that there'd be no bail for him. Not until he'd had a saliva test."

"You're suspect right about now, yourself. If Tomalty could see you now, he'd say that you were all charged up," Pinky needled Suitcase.

"And so the bulls hung that monicker on him," Suitcase ran on, "They saddled him with 'Woodbine Willie' and he's carried that weight ever since."

Suitcase paused to see how much of

his narration was being gullibly received, and meeting only quizical or blank stares from Pinky, Louie, and the others seated around, he judged it safe to press on with an even greater effort. He evidently had a sure thing going for him, so he was about to juice these characters to their utmost limits.

"I've heard that Woodbine Willie's wife never again wagered on a nag. Matter of fact she was ruled off that track for life. But it seems that she got social and got hooked to Bingo. Games, that is. She also got wired to a Y.M.C.A. programme. Became the star tumbler—on the mats, a damn good gymnast, and a hurdles champion. Attracted a lot of publicity and mail admiration, and by some Freudian quirk she figured she'd do well in the political game... So let me tell you how they began calling *her*, of all names..."

"Oh, we all know that one," Pinky smiled and shook his head. "Put away the whip, you've rode a good race and it's time now to think of collecting the stakes.

Then, as the line-up for supper that had formed in the yard began to move forward, Pinky struggled to his feet and started to amble away — leaving a parting addition to Suitcase's saga.

"And they called her the 'Mayor' of Jarvis Street, in deference to her note-getting ability... and all that."

CENSUS

| | | | |
|--------------------------|------|------------|---|
| Received during month | 80 | Discharged | 4 |
| Transferred during month | 72 | Escaped | 0 |
| Died | 0 | At large | 1 |
| Total remaining | 1000 | Paroled | 2 |

A SCRAMBLE FOR THE BRAMBLE BUSH happened on the movie scene lately. This flick left we fettered females anxiously awaiting Mr. Burton's performance in Cleopatra. Like who isn't waiting for it? All we can say is "Elizabeth who?" Due to fact that nary a soul patted us on the back for our brilliant augury a couple of months previous when we said that the Sinatra-Prowse Romance would never end at the altar we just want to say we're glad — never did dig Wheaties! Hang on now friends, here comes another of our erudite predictions. We claim that while Cleo may make gelt, you-know-who, will never make Richard the fifth, Mr. Taylor.

Overheard two budding gardeners talkin. Said one, "I don't care what you say, they aren't going to let us plant poppies."

All activities on this tight little island

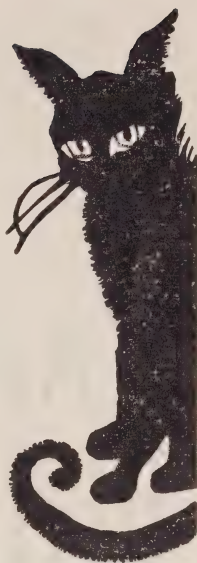


have slowed down lately. Our Sports Editor can be heard grinding her teeth each month as she tries to do a write-up on a practically non-existent sports scene. Even the news that lessons in Raffia weaving would be available failed to lure any dormant raffia weavers into the open. As the old proverb goes — if raffia comes, can summer be far behind?

Didja know that the Highland Games are being held in Fergus on August 25th this year? Now we cheerfully cop out that we haven't the foggiest idea of what the Highland Games are but we herewith offer our services as roving reporters to cover the scene. Is this anything like the Bullfights that were held in Lindsay?

Flotsam and Jetsam

Jetsam & Flotsam



T-Viewers ecstatic over the Late Show a few weeks ago when they caught La Parisienne with Miss Bardot and Henri Vidal. The Double Six Jazz vocal group provided much of the background music for this show. Just think, all that and jazz too! Local George Maharis fan club now watch Route 66 not once but twice a week. Now that our boy George has cut a side for the Epic label called Teach Me To-Night, all we loyal fans listen to Buffalo on the radio 'cause that's the only station we've caught it on so far. Pleasant surprise the other evening from the big-eyed monster when Parade presented us with an entire half hour of Mort Sahl. While not everyone was gassed by Mr. Sahl's somewhat acid, always far-out humour, for the ones who dug — it swung.

Jackie Kennedy turning into a better good will ambassador than Satchmo and the State Department combined. With Jackie in Pakistan, Bob in Japan, Ted in Massachusetts and J.F.K. in Florida lately, the thought does cross one's mind to the effect of "so who's watching the store?" One thing you have to admit though, what McCalls calls togetherness certainly does apply to the Kennedy Klan.

BEST POLICY?

They tell me that Scotland yard never makes any mistakes, but let me tell you, them Limey cops are just as stupid as the bulls in New York, where I come from. Now here I am sitting in the death cell in a Limey pen waiting to be measured for a necktie. How come? Me, Satoris' best triggerman, I buried six hoods in New York and not even a pinch. Well, I'll tell you. After the last rub-out the boss sends me on a holiday to Europe, all expenses paid, till the heat's off. But the Frogs all Speak French and the Wops Italian and all I speak is Bronx.



Diogenes

So I head for England where, so they tell me, they speak a kind of lingo pretty close to the one we use in the States. I am in London, England. I am sending picture postcards to all the mob and the broads and looking all the joints over when I spot Frankie the Dude. He tells me he has some business proposition. It looks as if a couple of bookies want to eliminate the competition, so I oblige for a small fee in the local currency. One thing leads to another and in six months I am in business and the fuzz don't even know I am alive. The papers are screaming and me, I'm counting the lines and having a ball with the chicks.

Then I get real chummy with this redhead. She is married and misunderstood. But I understand her, alright. Her husband is a bigshot lawyer and on this particular night he is out of town and I'm at his drum having a few drinks with the redhead.

Things go pretty good and it is after nine in the morning when I leave. I get back to my own joint and go to have a shower when I see this figure on my bed. I look close and see it is a stiff. In fact it is Frankie the Dude. I stand there feeling sorry for Frankie when the door busts open and in come the cops.

Well, they take me down to the station and all I can tell them is the truth. I give them the address of my redhead and wait for the apologies. And what does the redhead do but tell the bulls she never seen me before, and "Please don't bother me or I'll have my husband who is a prominent lawyer make plenty of trouble with the commissioner."

So I get booked on this bum beef and I got no alibi and Frankie was stiffened with a stilleto that was mine. I get sentenced by the judge and they tell me I am going to be taken hence and hanged by the neck until dead. I wouldn't mind the hot-seat — my old man got it that way — but hanging I don't like. I tell the judge and everybody I was with the chick but even in court and under oath she lies like a trooper, which is very bad and immoral too. And I get convicted.

But I have a little trick up my sleeve and if I'm going to go I'm going to show the bulls and everybody how stupid they really are.

I sit down on my last night and write a letter to the biggest newspaper and I tell them about my business activities and where and how I bumped the four guys and when; and where the rods are. Generally I make the fuzz look the chumps they are when I finish the letter.

I can just see the commissioner's face when he looks at the paper in the morning and don't know which cop to fire first. It's not going to do me no good but then I am kind of spiteful and why should the cops get away with all that inefficiency? I put the address on the envelope and give the letter to one of the screws who are with me all day and night in the death cell, and he puts it into his pocket and we start playing Pinochle. I get a real good hand when the door opens and in comes the warden and they take me out into the visiting room and who is there but the redhead with her old man and she kind of looks funny at me and says, "I have talked this matter over with my husband and he forgave me. We will have the trial re-opened and with my evidence you will undoubtedly be acquitted. The husband, he just glares at me.

"Owing to the cowardice of my wife no man should be unjustly hanged," he says to me. Then the warden puts in a call to the Minister of Justice and they talk a while and the warden tells me the execution is off and I have nothing to worry about.

They take me back, but not to the death cell, a fact over which I am very happy. Then I remember the letter!

I start banging my drum and when nobody comes I start taking the place apart. Finally a couple of guards show up and I tell them I got to have that letter I wrote just before my visit and they go away and come back a little later and tell me that the letter has gone to the warden to be censored but not to worry as it will be mailed first thing in the morning.

I blow my stack and start a wrestling match.

Next morning I think things out in my straight jacket and decide not to have a new trial. And when I see the warden he agrees.

So here I am, sitting in the death cell again, playing Pinochle. And I haven't had a good hand all afternoon.

Getting Around With Lou



ABOUT OUR MOST IMPRESSIVE WRITER: Ever since Telescope's inception back in September of 1950 many better-than-average writers have graced this scene. None along the way however, have matched the overall effectiveness of our one and only Wally 'Sludgebottom' Johnston. Consensus of opinion rates him the best we've ever had. Should the question arise, why?; the answer is, versatility. A matter of you-name-it, he's-done-it, if you will. This aspect, plus the undeniable fact it was always entertaining, is unique in itself. Philosophy and satire are of course W.S.J. specialties. The research and amount of preparation he puts into all his work is always immense; the final presentation at all times of high calibre. 'The Truth About Truth' in our March issue, along with 'Criminology or Mythology' in last month's magazine, were just two more examples in a long line of personal successes. Were he so inclined, we have no doubt he could compose a first class novel — that he will do so sometime in the future, we would like to see. Be that as it may, as Wally leaves us shortly this is by way of, and I know I'm safe in speaking for the house, wishing him good luck. We'll miss him not only as a writer, but as a person as well.

Still on writers, Abie the Burglar was tremendous too. But about sports — no cloo... Among present 4th Estaters, J.S.B. should always be read; and young Tom Cunningham won lots of plaudits here for his 'Conjugal Visits' article in March 'Scope... Flotsam and Jetsam, tirriffie 2 sum... Other thawts: I'm not gonna Liston, taking odds with Floyd... Don't you wish Liz would finish that picture so we can *all* get Cleopatrirified?... Spring is sprung/the grass is riz/Guess where A.J. Walters is? (Just arrived) His initial quip: "The plot is the same, only the script has been changed."... We should have a Dale Carnegie course... No, Willie, because we're on Army Rations doesn't mean there's to be a compulsory draft... Latest fad is a baldy, if you dare... Should read A. King's wild one, May This House Be Safe From Tigers. (A current Yankee Stadium prayer!) Herbie Burke has exclusive rights to book... Job in itself: Keeping track of passing parade to the rehabilitations.

Highlights of Mar. 25 fights were the sensational k.o. victories by 2 not-so-old pro's, Bobby Titchner and Jimmy Foley. These two are strictly Show Biz, man! Andy Anderson and Roy Deshane were both great too, even though in defeat... Other notes: Cyril Roussi chop-chop'd D.C.; J.J. Smith 1:10d Freddy Sweet (Extra: Sweet gives one the impression he has all the necessary equipment needed to succeed, but as yet, hasn't got going. Maybe next time); Tuffy-Teebo 3 round ex o.k'd... Robbie reports on pix: The Bramble Bush, Anatomy Of A Murder, coupla clix... Roger Savard, The Wop. among others, wanta see The George Raft Story... I liked North By Northwest; Junior Martin walked out, Moose Fairey stayed. You know, that Mount Rushmore excursion with Eva Marie Saint... New show list picked by Sports Committee looks real promising... Pat O'Hara on crutches after foot op; Joe Gardiner mending back... Memo to soccer fan: Best 'fire and desire' club was Johnny Fox's 'Holy Terrors' of 1955/56 vintage. And they won everything.

A discriminate list of 15 with something in common: Norm Gerrard, Mike Mazurko, Jack Hebert, Lumpy Lehtonen, Leo Craig, Tuffy (300!) Woods, Marcel Potvin, Jack Booth, John Fox, Chuck Davis, Gerry Campbell, Ike Crellian, Jack Willis, Norm Hanlon and Phil Goodman — overweight frontage!! Ready now, start your exercises! Do it today, don't delay, and above all, stick and stay...Roseman? Let's face it, he's too far gone!...Heard Al Paton calling Midge Pallister "a nice little guy." We all agree with that. Say, Al, howcum the shower 'n shave bit every 6 a.m. on Wednesdays???...If Kenny Brazeau was ever *maitre' d* at the old Elliot we never heard of it; of course Bobby Thibeault was, at the *Spot One*...Didja pipe those Moe Steves' muscles now that shorttime is here?...Jim Nobess playing elevator while controlling g dorm t.v.; he's Louie Pernokis' new protege on the weights...Bobby Stuart, Robbie, Ern, Midge, Lump, even Skinny Mac has joined, chant same old theme: Yanks are a shoo-in (Oh yeah!)...Somebody said Harold 'M.S.' Turpin wants to manage the Angels; Gibby and Shatford will coach em, gladdlee...Al Heffel got here. Nicky Yankula contends he's a pro boxer, by way of New Orleans. "But," quips Nick, "who ever heard of him before he laid that jazz on us"...Howie Hayward back; Bob Presley for initial entry, no relation to El. Tommy Girdle, ex Mountain Echo writer, too...Abbey Wingfield working back lawn...Good to see Murray Sills out and around again...Memo to Jackie H.: Just about time you came out of there...Shoulda dug psycho dept. running here, there and all over (Titch, Irish Jim, Moose and Doc Haggerty) the day *one* got away...Would you ever take Chuck Gray for Jack Palance, or Pat 'Panther' Gaddy for Marlon Brando? They wanta know!...Robbie Robertson of the Print Shop is rated best clerk in our town (With apologies to all the others)...G.L. adieu to all May-June releasees including Keith Dunning, Bobby Lyness, Stan Edwars, Don Cuthbertson, Nick Yankula, Eddie Kitson, John Flicker, Joey Manson and Carl Miller. Hang tough, Champ. And to Dixie, May 3; Hilton Garry on parole, May 7.

Conservatives to repeat on June 18: Off their landslide sweep in last election, I predict the Conservatives to retain power on the theory such a reversal in form at the polls could not be that great. Anyhow, vote for your choice but be sure and vote!...Everytime I ask Don Davies how he's doing he retorts, "Help, help!"...Buddy 'Speaker Of The House' Johnston, new dentist clerk. Those tapes on behalf of the committee informing all what's going on are very good. Keep them turning, maestro...Buckles Flannigan, tailors to carpenters return...Terry says, "Call me Butch." Will do...Just wot is it Freddy Laporte wants to buy off Norm Van Dusen?...Skewp: Stan Hoffman uses black hair dye!...Red Chapman, Tom Brice, By Miller doing first rate mech. jobs in garage...Red Beaver tells me, "It looks good." Jimmy Beland, Blackie Blackburn, other habs who should be getting action shortly...Louie G. must come in here somewhere, and Leo Craig, among others...Quote from Midge: "If I had curly hair and my personality, I couldn't stand myself."

All give 3 cheers for Willie McNiven and his Toronto Maple Leafs. Rah, rah, rah!!!!...Friday Apr. 13 proved lucky for 3 parolees including John Sholtanuk...Norm Hanlon doing good job preparing ball diamond; saw Henry Leblanc and Rocky Richmond helping, one day; Herb Handy back in yard on permanent basis...Congrats to Arnold Montford, new Ball Commish; to Dinty Moore, Phil Simser, Chuck Gray, Don Dawson, the 4 mgrs...Red McKillop still our best ballplayer...Al Corrie? Kill the ump! Personally, I'd say he does a great job...Spike 'n Skip singing same tune: The Party's Over. How about that Lois!...I picked Tracy, Gleason, Wood and Garland for Academy Awards, so Schell, Chakiris, Loren and Moreno won...Scotty Corcoran's new jazz creation is called, 'The Sweetheart of Sigmund Freud'...Play it cool.

Letters to the Editors

Sirs:

I am a recent reader of *Telescope* and I find a great deal of wisdom and wit in the many contributions being made to the literary field by victims of circumstance.

"Survival Of The Fittest" by Jacquie Branton has a flair that equals or surpasses any of the newsstand publications of today; being both realistic and practical, swallowing with the proverbial pinch of salt the propaganda being fed to a gullible public by culpable people in "the seats of the mighty."

If Jacquie Branton were to be given the proper lead and direction I would not hesitate to prophesy that her name could grace the bookshelves of future generations.

Sincerely,
W. Fuller,
Brantford.

The Editors:

I write this letter from inside the walls of Kingston Penitentiary. My purpose is to acquaint *Telescope* readers in the free world with a man whose humanistic work in the community, although little noticed, has been going on for some time.

He is Harold King, a promotional sales director and furniture store operator who, by way of hobby, has become social worker, friend and almost father to many people just out of jail as well as some on the road to going in. Despite the press of personal and business obligations he patiently finds the time (often when he could be playing golf or pursuing a customer) to help "his boys and girls."

Taking them into his home "until they get their bearings" is the way he does it. Then he does what he can to find suitable employment for them — and at his own expense.

It is common to find one or more ex-prostitutes or ex-thieves dining with Harold and his family, chatting just like people, and learning to belong. Some of us let him down later under the pressures of old temptations, but Harold understands that backsliding is sometimes inevitable and makes allowances for it.

Through twenty years of amateur social work he has made many friends in all walks of life, and has come to understand the "seamy side" which most successful people only condemn. It is odd that in a city the size of Toronto, Harold King's do-it-yourself humanism is still largely unappreciated and unknown.

— 8651

The Editors:

I enclose a cheque for five dollars to renew my overdue subscription. Your articles are excellent and the poems moving. I value *Telescope* highly. It is very useful in understanding the other side and helpful in keeping in touch with the thinking of some men and women I know.

Yours truly,
Sophie R. Boyd,
Toronto.



"No Thanks, druther read the latest Telescope!"

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